

I'm A Little Teapot

The Twins

DEATH. DEATH TO THE WEST!

This is a beautiful little song requested by Bob Arnold.

There's something inside me
It's, it's coming out, I feel like killing you
Let loose the anger, held back too long
My blood runs cold

Through my anatomy, dwells another being
Rooted in my cortex, a servant to it's bidding
Brutality now becomes my appetite
Violence is now a way of life

The sledge my tool to torture
As it pounds down on your forehead
Eyes bulging from their sockets
With every swing of my mallet

I smash your fucking head in, until brains seep in
Through the cracks, blood does leak
Distorted beauty, catastrophe
Steaming slop, splattered all over me
Lifeless body, slouching dead Lecherous abscess
Where you once had a head

Avoiding the prophecy of my new found lust
You will never live again, soon your life will end
I'll see you die at my feet, eternally I smash your face
Facial bones collapse as I crack your skull in half

Crushing, cranial, contents
Draining the snot, I rip out the eyes
Squeezing them in my hands nerves are incised
Peeling the flesh off the bottom of my weapon

Involuntarily pulpifying facial regions
Suffer, and then you die Torture, pulverized
At one with my sixth sense, I feel free
To kill as I please, no one can stop me
Created to kill, the carnage continues

Violently reshaping human facial tissue
Brutality becomes my appetite
Violence is now a way of life
The sledge my tool to torture
As it pounds down on your forehead

WHOA. HOMOCIDE!